Jolly GIPSIES

A new Song.

COME, come, come you dainty doxies
Come to me you girls ſo dear,
Altho' we have no houſes nor riches,
Yet we will never want good cheer.

CHORUS.

So come along with us and booze it briſkly
All you Girls that love your eaſe,
For the Jolly Gypſies they are typſyiug,
And go —— whenever they pleaſe.

Let the Miſer hoard up his money,
We will ſpend it at our eaſe;
We will toil it, we will ſpoil it,
We will ſpend it as we pleaſe.
So come, &c.

All you that delight in pretty women,
Muſt enjoy her while we may;
Strive to delight her and content her,
Then ſhe'll pleaſe you night and day,
So come, &c.

We are honeſt, we are boozey,
Fairly with our Bloſſes dear;
We are courting, we are ſporting,
Yet we never want good chear.
So come, &c.

Sometime, we drink ſack and ſherry,
Sometimes we drink water ſad;
Sometime we are very merry,
And ſometimes we are plaguy mad.
So come, &c.

So to conclude and end my ditty;
In a jovial flowing bowl;
Some are wiſe, and ſome are witty,
Gipſies they are merry ſouls.
So come, &c.

A

PLOT

Diſcover'd againſt the

Trade *and* Induſtry

OF

Great-Britain.

By *B. F.* Gent.

I.

SINCE all the World's turn'd up-ſide down,
And each Man's Fool or Knave Sir,
If wiſe he's a Projector grown,
That Fools he may deceive Sir.

II.

Thus Knaves and Fools fill full the Globe,
As plainly's brought to Light Sir,
For *Aaron Hill* and honeſt *Bob*
At laſt have flown their Kite Sir.

III.

One with his *Oyl* amuſes Man,
The Other's *South-Sea* Trade Sir,
Will raiſe the ſinking *Britiſh* Frame,
And he that doubts it's mad Sir.

IV.

Lord! to what Folly are we come,
And yet can't ſee we're caught Sir,
Give ſolid Gold for Sound of Drum,
Or what's not worth a Groat Sir.

V.

If the Subſcriber wou'd but ſee
Projector's empty Pate Sir,
Then ſurely he'd no longer be
Bit at ſo damn'd a Rate Sir.

VI.

'Tis true, both Heads are empty quite,
But ſtill the firſt Projector
Keeps all the reſt obſcur'd from Light,
His Projects to effect Sir.

VII.

Sure Wiſdom's Off-ſprings *Britons* are,
At leaſt the wiſe Projectors,
Whoſe Schemes and Whimſies never were
Brought yet to an Effect Sir.

VIII.

But Noiſe, believe me, bears a Rate,
And now's in great Eſteem Sir,
Wiſely our grave Projectors prate,
Yet honeſtly they mean Sir.

IX.

To fill their empty Pockets full,
Tho' Publick Good muſt ſink Sir,
Thus ye're become Projector's Gull,
For Shame begin to think Sir.

X.

And ſhow your Country-men the Bite,
That you've at laſt perceiv'd Sir,
That lowers *Bob* and *Aaron*'s Kite,
That thus long has deceiv'd Sir.